CHURCHMAN'S STOMACH WEAK

Rev. Lapley Suffered Twelve Years From It—How He Conquered It; You Also Can, Free.

Though an announcement that he saw in his local paper the Rev. J. D. Lapley of Avondale Station, Birmingham, Ala., learned that he could obtain a free trial bottle of a remedy for the cure of indigestion, and as he was interested, because he suffered that way, he wrote for it. The remedy was Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Lapley, who is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member of the Central Alabama Conference, took the free bottle with the result that he was very speedily cured. You or any other sufferer from constipation, indigestion and dyspepsia, sick headache and such digestive troubles can have a free trial bottle sent to your home prepaid by forwarding your name and address. It is the gentlest, mildest, best lasting, most effective laxative tonic ever tried. Druggists will sell you the regular bottles at 50 cents or $1, and results are guaranteed. A letter from Mrs. Northrup, of Quincy, Ill., a cured patient, is presented herewith. If there is anything about your case that you don't understand write the doctor and he will advise you. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

Mrs. Alice Northrup

THROUGH THE READING GLASS.

First and Second Bug—What a horrible monster!

IT WEARS YOU OUT.

Kidney Troubles Lower the Vitality of the Whole Body.

Don't wait for serious illness; begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you first feel backache or notice urinary disorders.

John L. Perry, Columbus, Texas, says: "I was taken sick about a year ago. My limbs and feet began to swell and my doctor said I had Bright's disease, then consulted another doctor who told me I had dropsy and could not live. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me promptly, and I owe my life to them."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bishop Eats His Own Boots.

Few bishops have to lead such a strenuous life as Bishop Stringer, in company with a missionary companion he made a tour recently to Herschel Island, in the Arctic ocean, and back to Dawson City, where the bishop resides.

Their small supply of food becoming exhausted, they were obliged to eat their muckalucks and moccasins. These, made of raw sealskins, were soaked until they became glutinous, and were then toasted in strips over the fire. The bishop says the food was real good, especially the muckalucks.

Fool Remarks.

"The inanity of courtesy remarks that some people feel called upon to interject into conversation calls for a permanent commission in lunacy," said the man with the ingrowing grouch. "Now, the other day I was telling Jones going down on the subway that my four-year-old had swallowed a safety pin, and we were up half the night with him.

"'It was an accident, of course,' said that idiot Jones."

Finding of Fresh-Water Eel.

The straits of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild form of whirling eddies have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls. It was here that the fresh-water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish.—London Daily Telegraph.

How one woman doesn't enjoy hearing another praised.

What Thinking Takes Out

Of the brain, and activity out of the body, must be

Put Back by Proper Food

Or brain-fag and nervous prostration are sure to follow.

If you want to know the keenest joy on earth—the joy that comes with being well, try

Grape-Nuts

Food

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "GOLD MOUNTAIN" "PLACER" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNHARDT WENDLL

COPYRIGHT A.C. McCLURG & CO. 1906

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 152. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronounced the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanches, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanches' inspiration, Engineer McKnight had played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat.

"Please Tell Me. I—I Wish to Know the Very Worst."

CHAPTER XXI.

In Which Love Speaks.

No one uttered a sound after that first wild cry. We sat there stunned into silence by the horror of the situation, every eye staring blindly into the dim, long boat lossing like a chip on the swell caused by the engulfing of the yacht. The crippled Sea Queen had evidently gone down like a shot. Twice I endeavored to speak, but something choked me, and my voice failed. I reached down into my pocket, held close to my eyes the small compass I always carried, and swung the boat's head northward. Even this slight effort at action gave me back some measure of self-control.

"You had better step the mast, Mr. De Nova, and get out what canvas you can spread. There is not much wind, but we'll make the best of what little there is."

They went at the task as though glad to have work given them, but I could see nothing but the dim outlines of their forms.

I bent down toward Lady Darlington; she glanced around and directly into my eyes.

"Are you warm enough?"

"Oh, yes; but—but I hardly know how I am. This has come so suddenly. I—I am not frightened, but dazed, horrified. Were all the others on board drowned?"

"They must have been. I will question the men in a moment. Only I beg of you do not permit your courage to give way."

She rested her hand upon my knee. "You need not fear for me," she said firmly. "I will not fail you."

The mainsail bellied out, catching whatever breeze there was, the boom swinging free and the long-boat leaning well over, as it leaped forward into the fog. The swift motion brought new heart to all of us.

"Pass back the provisions, lads, and we'll stow them away here in the stern-lockers."

This task required only a few moments, and when it was completed I was able to discern the mate, seated next to Celeste.

"Now tell me just what occurred, Mr. De Nova," I said. "What was it we bumped into,—an iceberg?"

"Zat was it, monsieur. You saw how ze fog lay. By gar, I not see ze fo'c'stle from ze bridge for more as four hour. We run at half-speed w'en you went below. Sacre, w'at else was dare? I know you much tired, an' so I stand ze watch for six hour. By gar, my eyes burn tryin' to see something. Zen I send down for you to be call. Pretty soon I leave Larsen on ze bridge, an' start aft to see w'y you not come more quick. I get most to ze companion, when bang! we hit ze iceberg! Zat all I know for ze nex' minute, only zare be hell for'ard, an' ze ship up on end."

"Is that all you can tell? Is there any one else here able to explain?"

"Well sir," said a deep rumbling voice forward, "I was just aft o' the main-hatch when this rympus happened, a-hangin' on to a life-line. I couldn't see much, but I figure it out like this. We hit a big berg bows on; a lot o' ice caved off on us, an' smashed in the fo'ard deck like it was paper, crushed down everything as fur aft as the engine-room. Both boilers blew up, an' then nothin' held the stern in the air but the after bulkhead. When that finally gave way the oil hooker dropped to Davy Jones. There wasn't a man ahead o' the main-hatch that had a chance even to run for it."

I caught my breath, feeling a shiver shake me.

"I am unable to make out who are on board," I said at last. "Name yourselves, beginning at the bow."

"Tom Cole, sir," it was the voice of the negro.

"Next. Speak up, men!"

"Johnson."

"Kelly."

"McKnight."

"Dade."

"Sanchez."

There was a pause, the last voice sounding just abaft the mast-butt.

"Is that all?"

"That's all, sir."

"With De Nova, myself, and the two women it makes the count ten. Well, we sha'n't be crowded for room. This is going to be a hard cruise, lads, but we'll make a stiff fight for it. We're sailors, with a stanch boat under us, and a chance to win out."

There was a faint cheer, rumbling, as if it had caught in their throats, and the negro asked:

"How much of a run is it, boss?"

"I am unable to tell you, Cole," I answered, endeavoring to make my voice sound hopeful, "because I have not had any observation for three days. There is no use lying to you fellows. There is a mighty long stretch between us and any land worth trying after. We are out of the track of ships, and our only hope is to keep the long-boat right side up, and get out of her all the speed possible. Two of you stand by to watch the running gear; the others had better lie down and get some sleep while the wind is light. Turn in with them, De Nova; you will have to relieve me at the tiller later."

The breeze perceptibly freshened, but not sufficiently to require any reefing of canvas, and the fog began drifting away like a great white cloud, leaving revealed the vista of cold gray sea stretching about us. Lord, but it did look barren and desolate, that ceaselessly heaving expanse of water, amid which we were but the merest speck, scarcely more important than those floating cakes of ice, tossed by the waves through which we sought passage.

At six o'clock we took careful stock of our supply of provisions, and served out a small ration all around, afterward arranging the several watches for the night and distributing, as equally as possible, the blankets and extra clothing. The wind felt colder, the sea coming up a bit, and Dade and Kelly fixed up a piece of spare canvas at the stern to protect the steersman from the dash of icy spray. De Nova took the tiller, and seeing no signs of a bad night I lay down amidships, though not until I had compelled Lady Darlington to seek rest also. Whether she found it or not I can not say, but I was asleep instantly, and knew nothing until Johnson called me at midnight.

There was no great change in conditions as I stumbled sleepily aft to take the tiller. The boat was sailing free, but with a reef in the mainsail, owing to a marked stiffening of the wind. The intense loneliness of the scene cast an even stronger spell over me now,—those awful wastes of solitude above and below; the far-off steady glitter of stars; the near-by white crested waves; the little, insignificant dot of a boat in which we toiled. I thought upon those leagues upon leagues of barrenness stretching away to the north, east, west, south, the vast fields of ice, the extent of storm-lashed seas, the seeming hopelessness of our efforts at escape, and choked in my throat, my lips pressed tight, my eyes staring blindly out into the another.

Suddenly the blanket at my feet stirred, and Lady Darlington sat up, her back against the gunwale and face upturned to mine. The cold gleam of the moon revealed her features, clear cut as a cameo, framed by the darkness of her hood. I could distinguish the delicate tracery of her lashes, and, beneath that light, the gray of her eyes appeared black.

"I have been studying your face, Mr. Stephens," she said quietly, "and have read there the helplessness of our situation."

I rallied instantly, endeavoring to speak lightly.

"You translate wrongly. That was only the depression of the scene yonder; the awful loneliness of sea and sky affected my spirits. You should not draw hasty conclusions."

"Nor have I. Even such a sea and sky never gave you that look of despair. I know you too well to believe that. You consider our situation desperate."

I looked at her closely, but it was not fear I saw in the uplifted face.

"It is certainly serious enough," I admitted, believing it useless to attempt any deceit, "but not hopeless. We have a stanch boat under us, sufficient food for all our probable needs, and a favorable wind. While there is life there is hope."

She made a little eloquent gesture of the hands.

"Please do not say that. Those words are always the last effort to bolster up courage. Keep them for the men, but trust me with the exact truth."

"Ask and I will answer."

"What chance have we of rescue?"

I turned my eyes away before venturing to reply, yet I dared not utter an untruth.

"Two: the being picked up by some passing vessel, or the attaining of inhabitable land."

"Are there any vessels in this sea at this season?"

"It is hardly probable there are, unless it should be some whaler blown from her course around the Horn."

"Then our only practical hope lies in reaching land by our own efforts?" She leaned forward, her hand touching mine as it grasped the tiller, her earnest eyes compelling me to look at her.

"Yes."

"How—how far away is this land?"

I hesitated, actually afraid myself to speak the answer, but her handclasp merely tightened.

"Please tell me. I—I wish to know the very worst. Such knowledge will be easier to bear than this awful doubt."

"But I hardly know myself," I confessed desperately. "I have had no observation for several days, and can only guess the rate of progress of the Sea Queen, or our drift during the storm. I will be perfectly honest with you, though, and give you my best judgment. I believe we must be between four and five hundred miles to the east and north of Dougherty island, and not yet beyond the limit of drift ice. There would be no use in our attempting to turn back for that point of land, as it is nothing but a rock, and we could never find it by the mere guidance of a compass. Our only chance is to bear away to the northeast toward land and the track of ships."

"How far? What land?"

"The western coast of South America; at least 1,500 miles."

I felt her shudder, and scarcely realizing that I did so, or the significance of the action, impelled by an impulse beyond all control, I drew her hand within both my own as though in pledge of protection.

"It can be done," I insisted. "Such boat voyages have been accomplished."

She made no effort to draw away, her eyes still upon mine.

"Not through such a sea as this; not at this season of the year."

I could not answer, my lips dry, my throat parched.

"You know the utter hopelessness of it," she went on, stimulated by my silence. "You know we can never survive the cold, the closing in of the ice, the certainty of storm. You are a sailor, and a brave man—trust me with the whole truth."

"It would be almost a miracle," I faltered, the words fairly forced from my lips by her insistence. "This is the beginning of winter in the stormiest ocean on the globe. God could do it, but not man."

Her head sank, the white cheek touching my sleeve, but the fearless gray eyes were still open, gazing straight into mine.

"Then it is the certainty of death," she said soberly. "Death together."

My heart leaped as though it had received an electric shock.

"Together! you mean—"

"That I should rather be here, facing death with you, than anywhere else alone," she exclaimed swiftly. "Oh, I can say it frankly now; say it here before you and God; say it in all purity and honor. Perhaps to-night, perhaps to-morrow, somewhere amid this awful waste of waters we will go together into eternity. What are the dictates of men to us now? What meaning is there any longer to the hideous requirements of the world? We are beyond them all. Here, now, we can be ourselves, ourselves. To-night we are free; to-night I can hear you speak what I have already read in your eyes, and am not afraid to hear it."

"You—you love me?"

"With all my heart and soul."

With everything else blotted out, with all else forgotten, I sat speechless, gazing down through the mist of tears into her eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

In Which I Understand My Lady.

She rested motionless, her cheek barely touching my sleeve, her eyes filled with love, her hands in mine. Then I heard her voice, soft as a whisper, the breath of her lips on my cheek.

"You will not misjudge me; surely you can not. Those words would never have been uttered in any other circumstances. Not that I am afraid, not that I am ashamed or regretful; but nothing else could ever have set me free. Now we must know, understand each other—we must die with our hearts open, our souls clean. You really love me? trust me? believe me to be a worthy woman?"

"With all my soul I do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy.

For Run-down Conditions

Sold Everywhere in Boxes. 10c. and 25c.

PRETTY NEAR IT.

The Maiden—How did you act when you were under fire? Did you shrink?

The Soldier—I don't know as I shrunk, but I tried to make myself as small as I could.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

How He Expressed It.

Every small boy—the right kind, anyhow—thinks his own mother the symbol of all perfection. Few, however, have the ability to express their admiration as prettily as the little hero of the following anecdote:

Richard's mother was putting him to bed, and as she kissed him good night, she said: "Do you know you are the whole world to mamma?"

"Am I?" he answered, quickly. "Well then, you're heaven and the north pole to me!"—Youth's Companion.

Kill the Flies Now and Keep

Disease away. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. SOM, Elm, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sleep with a piece of wedding cake under your pillow for three nights in succession and whatever you dream on the third night will come to pass.

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PERRY'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need.—Plautus.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

Summer complaint, bowel trouble, cramps, have no terrors in the household where this old dependable medicine is kept on hand. 25c. 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Many a man tries to stand on his rights when he hasn't any.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel the liver to do its duty.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature of

Brent Good

W. L. DOUGLAS $5, $4, $3.50, $3 & $2.60 SHOES

Workingmen's $2.50 Shoes

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make.

BECAUSE

W. L. Douglas $5.00 and $4.00 shoes cannot be equaled for style, fit and wear, other makes asking from $6.00 to $8.00.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $3.00, $2.50 and $2.00 shoes are the lowest price, equal to those advertised in the world.

Sent by Parcels Post.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Look for it when you buy. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he can not supply you, we can. We make and sell more $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. Catalog free on request. Shoes sent everywhere. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes delivered free. Prices are the same everywhere. Name and address on request. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or Nervous Diseases, send for a free trial bottle of Dr. Kay's Great Nerve Remedy. This discovery will relieve the most severe cases. Send for a free trial bottle of Dr. Kay's Remedy. It will cure epilepsy. Give express and post office address. The Dr. Kay Co., 183 Pearl St., New York.

PYRAMID FLY CATCHER

They do the work.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

PER BOX 75c. "Guarantee"

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About Its Wonderful Crops:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States." Prof. Shaw.

70,000 Americans

will cultivate and make their homes in Western Canada this year. Wonderful wheat, oats and barley, heavier than ever before known, expected to yield 40 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of oats and barley. Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming, are the leading industries of the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption lands, some adjoining railway station, by railway and land companies, will yield from 20 to 40 bushels per acre.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, good markets, good schools, good churches, good railways.

Write for "Last Best West," with maps, showing lands to be taken up in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and "Settlers' Guide," containing information as to how to reach the country and other particulars, free on application to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, mentioning this paper.

H. V. McKenzie, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Lawley, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

(Use nearest convenient route.)

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. It cures sweating, hot, tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. At any druggist for $1. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DAVES'

RE-MANUFACTURED TYPEWRITERS, All Makes

Rent, $2.50 per month. Sold on easy payments. Write for Catalog. Agents Wanted.

DAVES-DETROIT OFFICE EQUIPMENT CO.
100 Griswold Street Detroit, Michigan

Keen Shaving Comfort

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DEFIANCE STARCH

His Long-Delayed Proposal

French Story of Note in Bouquet That Was for Years Unanswered.

One of the longest delayed proposals on record is related in a French story of a shy young suitor who was ordered away to the wars. Not daring to speak, he sent a nosegay of yellow roses to the girl he loved, with a little note inside begging her, if she returned his love, to wear one of the flowers in her breast that night at the ball. She appeared without it, and he went away broken-hearted.

Years afterward, when he was a lame old general, he again met his old love, now a white-haired widow. One day his old sweetheart gently asked him why he had never married.

"Madam," he answered somewhat sternly, "you ought to know best. If you had not refused to answer that note in the bouquet of yellow roses I might have been a happier man." "The note in the bouquet?" she repeated, growing pale.

She opened an old cabinet and took out from a drawer a shriveled bouquet of what had been yellow roses, among whose leafless stalks lurked a scrap of paper yellow with age. "See! I never had your note," she said, holding the bouquet up. "If I had I would not have answered it as you fancied." "Then answer it now," said the gallant old soldier. And the long delayed proposal was accepted at last.